



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

B423.02.D

VOL. XV.

No. VI.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudisque VALENTIS
Cenabunt Sorores, unanimesque Patres."

APRIL, 1850.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.
PRINTED BY T. J. STAFFORD.
MDCCCL.

CONTENTS.

The Midnight Apparition,	313
Algernon Sidney,	220
Lady Aida,	428
Good Taste,	231
The Perils of the Sailor's Life,	235
Ideas and Observations,	241
Our School Mistress,	245
Editor's Table,	250
Valedictory,	252

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.

APRIL, 1850.

No. VI,

The Midnight Apparition.

TWELVE, that deep, still hour was rapidly advancing. Already the full moon was riding near the zenith, flooding the earth in light and stillness, save a slight shadow from time to time, as some thin white cloud far up in the sky flitted like a spectre over its face. But a few hours before I had seen it pass through the tree-tops to the east of my window, on its upward voyage of beauty. I had watched the little elm boughs as they moved slowly, and yet rapidly across its bright disk; and, with their progress, I seemed, amid the breathless silence, to feel the earth rushing swiftly onward in its revolution, with the sweep of wings, and to hear that faint, but delicious music which poets and philosophers have attributed to the spheres. The thousand white tomb-stones of the city Cemetery stood, like an army sleeping in its ranks, immediately before me; in the distance, (for it seems afar off in the night time,) rose East Rock, that familiar, yet still beautiful object, and far the most beautiful when seen in solemn grandeur by shadowy moonlight; while, away to the Northwest, the wooded range running from West Rock Northward appeared, dim and indistinct, yet lovely as a fairy-land! The moonbeams glowed on the glass dome of the Medical College near me on the right—that uncouth and suspicious looking building, wherein, it is whispered, many a strange sight is seen, and many a dark deed executed—and glancing over its projecting roof, left a dusky, spectral shadow that made the heart beat fearfully.

I have said it was profoundly silent. No sound of carriage wheels or human footstep reached my ear. The thousands of human beings who, but a few hours before, thronged the streets and places of business, the sooty screamer of charcoal, the lazy coachman, the gaping countryman, the *ennuied* lawyer, the burly merchant, the rapid young clerk, the silk-and-velveted matron, daughter of rank and affluence, the laughing student, and the wandering-eyed lass—yea, even the old col-

ored crier, with his tinkling bell, and his "H-e-a-r ye!"—all were hushed—all were as unconscious as if a sudden pestilence had stolen away every soul from its tenement, save where, perchance, some embarrassed tradesman was cheered by a bright but empty vision of better fortune—or where some red-lipped maiden lay smiling in a dream of love. The solemn noises of those sombre craftsmen on my left, whose groaning engine and shrieking chisels are, through the live-long day, incessantly moulding the marble block into monuments for the dead, had hours ago dwindled into silence. Even the breeze made hardly a moaning among the branches—it was gentle, and warm, and balmy. Spring had softened the obdurate turf and loaded the air with a moist, odoriferous exhalation, and it was now flowing gratefully in at my window, enriched by additional fragrance from a vase of flowers before me.

Oh, that was a night for fancies, for memories, for deep and earnest thought! How many deliriously joyful hours have I spent in that same window, recalling the past, and imaging the future! You may call it weakness, effeminacy, folly, to busy one's self about what is gone and irretrievable—to be so sentimental about childhood and early years. You may tell me to bury the past, seize the present, and hope for the future. I am sorry I cannot receive your philosophy. I cannot yet consent to seal up the fountains of tender enjoyment which the finger of God has opened in my heart. I have still much faith in the beauty and utility of the human sensibilities. Many a Collegian, I am aware, would feel himself disgraced by anything like emotion—would hazard the world sooner than be seen to shed a tear. He would infinitely prefer to be found drunk in the gutter than thinking tenderly of the good mother who bore him. Such a one may not, indeed, have so petrified his heart as to feel no motion of natural affection, but he is ashamed of Nature herself, and seeks to rise above her laws by repressing every exhibition of love or remembrance. He is grown so great, his powers are so magnificent, his views so exalted, that he would fain persuade himself of his divinity, or, at least, of an origin higher than poor, frail humanity, if such a thing were possible; and, indeed, all this has been done in ages past, but somehow unfortunately at the present day, the idea that every man existing, however great, must have been born of woman, *weak* woman if you please, is too generally prevalent to admit of this deception.

Alas! how much native goodness has been smothered and destroyed by thus degrading the human feelings, by that hardening process which is thought so essential to the dignity of manhood! But do you ask what is the use of all your sentiment? Do you say this is a life of earnest toil, of stout-hearted conflict? For what, I answer, do you toil; for what do you battle? Is it for wealth, for station, for fame? Then freeze your humanity, idolize your intellect, and make men adore because they wonder at and fear, and not because they love you. But is it for God and humanity? Then you must feel human wants, and sympathize with human suffering. You must feel the glory of goodness, of charity, of affection, which alone can relieve them. In

a word, you must cultivate the emotions of your heart. Why not, then, think of the innocence of childhood, of the sweetness of love and friendship, of the thousand hopes and affections that still cluster around you? Thus you will be nerved with strength to toil, that the poor, the outcast and the guilty may know the blessings that you have experienced; thus you will repent over all that has been foolish or wrong, and be inspired with new energy to retrieve what you have lost. Such thoughts warm and invigorate the intellect, give health and elevation to the soul. And especially on such a night as I have described do these thoughts come with a deep power. The purity of the scene combines with the hallowed memory, starts often the tear, deepens and hallows the emotion.

But there is another theme on which, at such a time, it is impressive to dwell. When the sound of living beings is all hushed till one can hear the steady beating of great Nature's pulses—when no noise arrests the ear, and no motion the eye—the spirit easily asserts its peculiar prerogative, and sees and hears those sights and sounds that have for ages passed away. It calls up whole nations, long ago perished, in all the particularity and reality of life, as by a magician's power. It sees life in all its phases, men in all their chief characteristics then as they are to-day. The poverty-stricken unfortunate then, as now, toils and suffers, hopes and is disheartened, wishes and is silent. The poor slave listens and trembles, weeps and obeys. His thoughts are few and simple, his mind is weak, but his heart is full, and his soul is immortal. The child of disease turns on his couch and wishes for the morning, and, when the morning comes, suffers on in patience. The mourner, heavy-hearted and desolate, weeps at the strange dreariness of the world, and refuses comfort. On the other hand, the rich man gathers and enjoys, feeds, perhaps, *one* of the thousand starving children of want in his reach, and prides himself on his charity. Like a traveler pursued by wolves, he drops an occasional morsel, merely to check the clamors of an aroused conscience. The man of power crushes the weak, as if they were brutes, and is proud when they bow down to him; as if they were men. The sons and daughters of love and pleasure laugh and sin, and forget that they are mortal.

I see, also, the uncorrupted patriot, struggling amid suspicion and calumny, suffering and toiling for the glory of his country. I hear, on the still air, earnest tones of eloquence, or, it may be, impassioned strains of song, by which he would arouse his countrymen to their dangers and privileges, bid them beware of the oppressor, and guard their rights and their freedom. Now he triumphs, and his unselfish toil is rewarded less by the praises than by the success of his country. Again, he is discomfited; ambition is victorious, but he retires from the conflict, grieved indeed, though not disheartened, still to hope and labor for a better day. I see, alone in his closet, the philosopher of humanity, fixed in tireless thought, laboring to develop the great principles of human progress. Nor is his a fruitless toil; for when did a mind, sincerely eager for the truth, and aided by the glow-

ing impulses of philanthropy, fail of success? Truth ever unveils herself cheerfully to an earnest seeker. Thought on thought, pure and beautiful as the flame of a vestal, leaps from his deep and fervid genius, till his heart dilates in view of the sublime truths which they reveal. In this new-born joy he persuades himself that a golden era is just at hand; but, alas! he goes out from his retirement only to meet the cold repulse of an incredulous world. Sadly was he deceived. The disciple of truth must learn to labor and wait; he must seize the torch that has been borne by the true-hearted before him, and bear it patiently onward, content to add his drop to the increasing flame, and leaving to others the experience of the day when all minds, however prejudiced and benighted, shall receive its light. Oh, how many self-denying men, true friends of their race, have thus been painfully disappointed by too sanguine hopes! Noble men they were; but their toils are ended—they are blessings no longer, save by the power of their memory.

Thus I wander away, and witness the stirring scenes of ages past. Wearied at length with roaming, I return again to my own generation; and at once comes up the irresistible inquiry, where now are the thousands, of all characters and conditions, who have lived before me? Hearts have beat as warmly as now, earthly hopes have been as bright, earthly objects as important, earthly attachments as absorbing; but where are they who have loved and rejoiced, hoped and toiled, as if this life were an immortality? Such a question, put to one's self in the solitary stillness of the midnight hour, is unspeakably impressive. A voice comes on the night, as from the tombs of those dead ages, speaking of littleness, frailty, and decay. The grave of thousands, who once vainly dreamed of immortal fame, but whose very names are now as if they had not been, bid me beware of the deceiver, Ambition. The ashes of the myriad humble but honest-hearted, exultingly ask to be measured with those of the proud tyrant who once controlled them.

But I am wearying you with my endless wanderings. To-night I had been thinking of a very different and far less salutary theme. My thoughts were all of the future, and they were thrilling thoughts! Fame, Fame! that same deceptive but enchanting bubble, had caught and chained my mental vision. The alluring object presented itself as with the accumulated power of the thousand dreams of my boyhood,

"Pouring

Through every vein a tide of restless thought

Till life seemed all one burst of trumpet tones

That drowned the milder minstrelsy of heaven."

Any thing but heavenly were the feelings it awakened. Every moment of indulgence I knew to be adding poison to my spirit; but I was enthralled, delirious, powerless, under its fascinations. I was like the bird caught by the serpent's magic eye, conscious of danger, yet chained to the destroyer! By degrees I suffered every nobler

feeling to be crushed before the one absorbing thought, till my crazed soul was on the point of yielding forever to its dominion. Excited, bewildered, I turned to the window and looked out upon the tombs. The marble monuments were still, white, and meek, as if in adoration before the saintly moon above them. The pine, cedar, and willow, interspersed among the graves, just trembled in the strolling night-air with a silvery glitter, but with no otherwise perceptible motion. The whole scene was so pure, and mild, and spiritual, that a feeling of fear and dread stole in upon my perturbed mind, as I gazed, with a wonderful power. Something seemed to whisper to me of beauty, of perfection, of a higher life. Every image of glorious purity and loveliness, that the mind ever fancied, floated before my vision, as if in cruel aggravation of the dark deformity within.

At this moment of strange delirium, my eye received an impression that sent a thrill through my very bones. I am nervously fearful by nature, and the thousand stories of ghosts and spectres, told me in boyhood, have always worked upon me, in seasons like that of which I speak, with intense power. I had long been persuaded, however, that, whatever might have been the deceptions of art or imagination, these pretended supernatural appearances had no foundation in reality, and though I had often labored under strong excitement, I had never seen, or fancied I saw, any thing of the description. I was therefore deeply moved by the sight which now met my eye, and yet greatly distrustful of the fidelity of my senses.

In a dim part of the cemetery, among the dusky cedars, where the struggling moonbeams displayed the sculptured marble with various distinctness, I seemed to see an object, still as the stone, yet wonderfully resembling a human figure arrayed in white. I tried to believe it a mistake. I strained my eyes in the attempt to reduce it to a simple monument which my imagination had distorted, but all in vain; the awful truth of my first impression gained new confirmation with every effort.

Gazing in wild confusion, I was making one more struggle to dissolve the charm, when the figure suddenly turned with an easy motion, passed behind a cedar, and appeared again beyond it. With this demonstration, a sensation like that of an electric shock, thrilled through my system, and a trickling chillness seemed creeping under the skin all over my body. Slowly, but lightly as a breath of wind, and without a step, it moved from the shade out into the bright moonlight, and advanced a little towards me. Oh, the sight that was then revealed! I would that I might see it once more! I would that I had a magician's power, that I might conjure up before you, dear reader, the enchanting vision! It would make you more serious, gentler, holier. Such grace, such melting tenderness, such ethereal purity! Oh! it was heavenly beautiful. It stood a moment over a recent grave, whereon the tender grass was just springing, then knelt down upon it, raised its swimming eyes to heaven, and lifted a thin, white hand to the sky:

"It was so wan and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through."

As the saintly being was kneeling thus in an attitude of adoring worship, tumultuous were the emotions that swelled my breast. At first, a mingled feeling of guilt, remorse, and fear, made my whole frame to tremble. Soon, however, I grew calmer. A gleam of light, love, and forgiveness from Heaven, entered my soul and scattered the gloom. I could not but believe that a blessing so extraordinary, so undeserved, and almost unsought, had come in answer to the prayer of the mysterious worshiper before me. I now gazed no longer with dread and terror, but with love and gratitude. As I was about offering a prayer of thanksgiving, the huge bell of the Centre steeple doled out, with stunning suddenness, the first peal of the midnight hour, and it flew moaningly, like a lost spirit, away through the dead silence, over hill and valley, till it soon ceased in the distance. Then followed a second and a third, until that faithful old chronicler, who does his duty thoroughly, though there be none to hear, had tolled the full requiem of another day.

When I had recovered from the shock, which all who have heard the abrupt bursting of that bell upon the dead of night have experienced, and which was aggravated in me threefold by the nervous excitement I was in, the apparition, whose radiant image was still vivid in my mind, had vanished. I looked eagerly where it had knelt, and where I had first seen it, but it nowhere appeared. Though it had at first so frightened me, its absence now was no relief. On the contrary, I longed, with ardent yearnings of spirit, to see again the being who had so fascinated, so bewildered my soul. I sat long, I know not how long, dwelling with intensest rapture on its angel lineaments, its transparent beauty. I felt a desire to perpetuate the shining image in the inmost shrine of my being, that I might behold it there forever. But then there came a thought of the morrow—of the harmony and discord, innocence and guilt, joy and sorrow, beauty and deformity, which compose this poor, imperfect world, and by contact with which that image I knew would be dimmed and distorted, if not utterly destroyed.

I was about giving way to a feeling of despair—despair of ever rising in this life above the material, into permanent union with the spiritual—when, joy to my heart! the same resplendent figure stood immediately before me. A slight tremor even now shook my frame, from the proximity and increased awfulness of the vision, and I bowed down my head with a feeling of deep impurity. Presently a voice, rich and sweet as the tone of a lute-string, fell upon my ear, whose mild but measured accents gradually encouraged me to lift my eyes upon the speaker. Words so heavenly sweet I never heard before, nor shall I ever forget them, for they are set like diamonds in the tablet of my mind. "Hope, O young man, look up and hope! Behold yon star twinkling eternally in the blue ether! Thy soul is as quenchless; it may be as exalted, as stainless. In my grave I felt the silence above, I felt the moonbeam sleeping there, I awoke to a deed of pity. I saw the poison work in thy soul. I know it is now spreading a fascinating but deadly light over the midnight dreams of many

of thy companions. I appeared unto thee. I saw the tear of penitence and joy. Again, I saw the gathering clouds of discouragement and despair. There is, O young man, indeed a heavy weight upon the human soul; the veil of sensual things is dense and difficult to penetrate, but yet thou mayest hope, for to earnest, consistent toil is reserved a glorious victory! The sensualized world, the time-serving and short-sighted ways and maxims of men, nay, even the very sun-light of the morning, will be likely to clog thy perception of the true and the spiritual, to fasten thy heart on the ephemeral good which earth holds out to the impatient mind. The false light of Fame, the dazzling show of Wealth, the proud superiority of Rank, the fascinations of Social Indulgence, will assail thee, as they have assailed millions, and blinded them to the glory of their nature, the sublimity of their destiny. But with faith in God, with a heart of unwavering courage, with a strong, manly, persistent effort, thou mayest attain the nobler prize thou wouldst pursue, even a triumph over these temporal aims, and a sympathetic union with eternal truth and love.

"Many an ardent young mind, within the walls of your venerable Institution, is daily feasting upon the external and the earthly; the whole circle of whose hopes and aspirations is bounded by time; who looks for satisfaction and joy from other sources than from within; who turns not his eyes from the priceless worth, the unfathomable richness of his imperishable soul, but leaves it to itself, stained, neglected, lost! Upon such a one the pure minds of the world unseen can look only with yearning pity and sorrow, for they comprehend, in its full force and compass, how deeply he has mistaken the true end of existence. But a soul, conscious of its bondage, and struggling after the light, they contemplate with approving interest, and fly to impart to it their silent, holy coöperation. Be not, then, O young man, be not disheartened. Keep thine eye fixed on the true and the pure, remembering that thou dealest with a thing that is immortal. Search diligently for the broken strings of this divine instrument, remembering that its harmony, when once restored, will perish never. A suffering world is before thee. Go forth to thy toil; but forget not the inner life. In the intervals of labor, in thy hours of retirement, maintain a communion with thy inward being. Get a view of its nature and its destiny, of the worthlessness of earth's favors, and be strengthened to a nobler self-sacrifice for the elevation and regeneration of thyself and thy race. Thus thou wilt attain the only true nobility within human reach, and thy reward shall be as lasting as truth, thy joy as limitless as eternity!"

Heavily and mournfully, at this moment, rolled out upon the night a solitary peal from the old belfry, signaling the passage of the first hour in the new-born day. With that peal the apparition once more vanished, and I lingered long, repeating over and over the words it had spoken. At length, with the radiant image vivid in my mind, and those musical tones still playing on my ear, I laid myself down and slept quietly till the morning.

O. L. W.

Algernon Sidney.

Not the least conspicuous among the stern but patriotic spirits that graced the age of Cromwell, stands the name of Algernon Sidney. Living in a land blessed with choicer gifts than heaven ever vouchsafed to man before, this name, associated as it is with all that renders life tolerable to the free, and grateful to all, ought to possess for us a peculiar and hallowed charm. Long has his memory been enshrined with unwonted homage in all true English hearts, as the most eminent of those, by the influence of whose lofty sentiments and glorious martyrdom, their present freedom has been achieved, and will be perpetuated. The Romans had a custom of transferring from other lands those divinities, whose power they believed would conduce to their own security. Let us imitate their example; and transfer from English shores a strong, but not idolatrous reverence for one, whose very name is the watchword of republicanism. Yet, notwithstanding the honor in which even bigoted Tories held him, very little is known respecting his history. All the accounts that have come down to us are meagre and unsatisfying; and it is only by the most rigorous research that we can gather materials enough to make out a brief and scarcely continuous biography. Such as they are, however, we place them briefly before our readers, confident that, though the scanty and unconnected sketch may prove uninteresting, it cannot prove unprofitable. We shall see a great and generous spirit, entertaining a bitter and uncompromising hatred of tyranny, which ripened with its growth into an hostility that never knew cessation. We shall see, that when the victory seemed won, this spirit never yielded to an inconsiderate exultation, and when its fairest hopes were dashed by the strong usurpation of a comrade, it never sunk into inactive despair. We shall see him an exile from his native land, and a wanderer, still animated by hope, and upon his return still struggling against oppression with all the energetic hate of former years. We shall see him before a corrupt and venal bar, fighting gallantly for life, and flinging back with haughty scorn the defamation of his foes.

“Last scene of all,

That ends this strange, eventful history,”

is the scaffold, where, with a voice that faltered not an instant, and a pulse that beat with steady composure, he crowns a life of toil and sacrifice with a death not less glorious than undeserving.

The childhood and youth of such a man would naturally interest us. We are curious to learn, what early influences were brought to bear upon him; and what hand first planted that germ of freedom, which sprang up into life so soon, and flourished afterward with such rank, though not unhealthy vigor. But this satisfaction is denied us. Even the year of his birth is unknown, though it is estimated at about 1622. The utmost we can learn of him at this period is, that he enjoyed the

advantages of noble parentage, and a superior education. At the age of ten, he accompanied his father on an embassy to the court of Denmark, where he distinguished himself by the keenness of his wit, and the sweetness of his disposition. For several years afterward he confined himself to his studies. What those studies were, and what was their influence, we are uninformed, though we conjecture that Epaminondas, Cato, and Brutus received their full share of attention. At the age of nineteen we find him at the head of a troop of horse in Ireland, under his father, who was lord-lieutenant of that country. Here he so distinguished himself by his gallantry, and displayed such an unusual combination of energy with prudence, that he was promoted to the governorship of Dublin. The parliament, however, saw fit to supersede him, though not without highly eulogizing his services, and rewarding them with the command of Dover.

Henceforth his career was a civil rather than a military one, notwithstanding that he held a situation in the parliamentary army. It was a fit crisis to call forth into bold and active exercise the daring spirit of Sidney. All England was in a state of Revolution. The people had been goaded to desperation by the haughty exactions of Charles, and the monstrous oppressions of the Star Chamber, and the Court of High Commission. To have a licentious and brutal soldiery quartered upon them without their consent; to have their money extorted from them on the meanest and most unjust pleas; to see those they looked upon as patriots whipped through the streets like the vilest malefactors; to see those they revered as spiritual guides wronged with the mockery of a trial, their members mutilated at the pillory, the stumps of those members grubbed out with the hangman's knife, and themselves cast into prison, there fairly to rot while living, was more than the patience of English loyalty could bear. The result showed the impotence of even a royal arm against the united strength of an injured and enraged nation. I pass by all the paltry evasions, the mean and gratuitous falsehoods, the base and ineffectual intrigues, by which Charles consummated his ruin. Sidney was one of the hundred and thirty-three who were selected to sit in judgment on the fallen monarch. From some unknown cause, however, he was not present at the trial. That his absence was not owing to any change of principle, or untimely relenting, is seen from a remark he made at the Danish court not long afterward. Being congratulated by a minister there, for not having been guilty of the king's death—"guilty?"—said he—"do you call that guilt? why it was the bravest and the justest action ever done in England or anywhere else."

It may well be supposed that a man of Sidney's undeviating principle would look upon the successive encroachments of Cromwell with no favoring eye. He was about to realize his darling idea of a republic, when he saw that realization torn from him by the usurpation of another. He regarded tyranny of all kinds, whether open or secret, whether sudden or gradual, whether by friend or foe, with the same stern and uncompromising aversion. Besides, Cromwell, in his view, was a renegade from his professions; and this thought aggravated the

bitterness of his opposition. High and lucrative offices were vainly employed to win him over. His Roman constancy was utterly insensible to such inducements. All the places within the gift of Cromwell could not have enticed him one step from his high vantage-ground. To the last, though his hopes for liberty were crushed, he waged a firm and constant war with the usurper. At the end of the second protectorate these hopes revived for a time. He was chosen a member of the council of state, and with a zeal that ever characterized him when freedom was the object, he entered at once upon the duties of his station. He was now in his element. On the ruins of tyranny, he, with his fellow-laborers, would found a republic, in which the people should be the sovereign, and parliament the representative; which should perpetuate his name, and associate it with the names of Gracchus, Brutus, and Rienzi. But he was doomed to a second disappointment. A few months, and all these glorious visions, all these bright but delusive anticipations withered, and nought was left of them but the memory of their former loveliness. Breathing a parting sigh over its coming degradation, he bade his country a long farewell, and sought on other shores the freedom that was denied him on his own.

After a long series of restless wanderings, he was permitted to return. But O, how changed was England now from the England he had left eighteen years before. He found the court reveling in a licentiousness that has known no parallel since the age of Helagabalus, and Charles himself, the presiding genius of the scene; the ministers to a man utterly destitute of anything that could be distorted into political honor; the parliament prostituting its blood-bought dignity at the shrine of the miser's god; and all, king, court, ministers and parliament, the servile hirelings of a foreign and hostile power. Nor was this all, or even the worst. He found the judiciary, that last refuge of national integrity, a great centre of bribery and the grossest injustice; theatres, whose atmosphere virtue could not breathe and live; the church, tolerant of vice, intolerant of dissent, preaching the doctrine of non-resistance, and openly conniving at the foulest indecencies; the people, following with utter recklessness in the steps of their spiritual and temporal leaders; chastity a word almost unknown—never employed, unless as an object of derision—and patriotism a mockery. The whole state seemed wasting away with a loathsome and deadly marasmus. England had never seen the like before, and God grant, for the world's sake and her own, she may never see the like again. How that strong and ardent spirit bent beneath the weight of these sorrows; how it erected itself by one mighty effort; how it nerved and braced itself for another contest, I have not time to mention. It was not of a nature to be crushed by difficulties. It would hope on, though expectation was dead. His first effort was to obtain a seat in parliament; but the king had watched his motions, and he failed of an election. These efforts, combined with his known republican principles, and certain hasty expressions, carelessly dropped, but eagerly seized upon, were sufficient to draw down upon him the vengeance of the court. Henceforth he was

marked as its prey, and secretly but surely the toils were set around him.

The wished-for opportunity arrived. Early in the year 1583, the famous Rye-house plot was disclosed. Whether such a plot really existed is altogether questionable, and the evidence for and against its existence is as indecisive now as at the time of its announcement.

Whether, if it existed, such men as Russel and Sidney had a share in its machinations, is still more questionable. Notwithstanding all this, the court could not afford to let pass so favorable an occasion for wreaking its accumulated vengeance, and Sidney was arrested for high treason. And now came the test of that iron fortitude, and hitherto unfaltering virtue. He had already undergone what would have crushed the spirit even of a more than ordinary man. His life had been a life of toil, of suffering, of exile, and, what was still more galling to a proud and patriotic soul like his, of shame for his country's degradation. It is said that the scorpion girt about with fire, stings itself to death. So the heart, surrounded with wretchedness often dies a suicide. Such is the death of the feeble heart; but the heart that is fired with a noble ambition and an energetic will never dies thus. Opposition only kindles it to a brighter energy; defeat serves to animate it to a fiercer combat; disappointment nerves it to a stronger hope; grief prepares it for a higher joy; desolation introduces it to a surer companionship. Such a heart never dies of wretchedness, never pines in loneliness. Like Cesar's bridge over the Rhine, it increases in strength, as the waters dash more violently against it. Such a heart was Sidney's. Though he knew his death was as inevitable as if the finger of God had written it upon the walls of his prison; though he knew that his foes, instigated by malice and sustained by power, were eager for the sacrifice, and that all the assistance of his friends could not avail him now, his confidence in that invisible arm, which is never shortened, and in his own tried and faithful spirit, wavered not a moment.

At length the trial came on. And such a trial! It was the merest judicial mockery. It was the sport of a wild beast, dallying with its prey, and gloating over its vain attempts to escape, before destroying it. Some idea of the justice he was to obtain may be formed, when we mention that the twelve impartial citizens, who were chosen to decide the question of life and death, were a packed jury, and the presiding judge, the immortal, because infamous Jeffries. That trial even at this distant day, though the records were distorted by hireling reporters into some resemblance of fairness, thrills one with all the magic power of a drama. The court room was crowded to overflowing, and not a person in the whole assembly but hung with almost breathless suspense upon the progress and issue of the proceedings. The evident exultation of the judges augured ill for the fate of the prisoner; but men detected in that proud bearing, in that unsubdued and penetrating glance, more than one omen of the great contest that was approaching. Sidney, in truth, was not the man to be idle in such a situation. He had never read a law-book in his life, and the court

refused him the assistance of counsel ; but his keen and powerful mind, aided by profound learning, supplied him with weapons, and his admirable coolness with the full power of wielding them. Manfully did he wield them. Even the practiced skill of the crown lawyers could not baffle his own. All their turnings and doublings ; all the foul means they employed to ensnare him ; all their contemptible yet destructive artifices he penetrated and exposed to universal detestation. After much rambling and irrelevant testimony, Lord Howard was called to the stand. This wretch had been an intimate friend of Sidney ; at least we must suppose him to have been, if we adopt the criterion of intimacy at that time, for he had borrowed large sums of the prisoner at different times, which remained unpaid. He also professed to have been a coadjutor in the plot, and he appeared of course in, what is always the last resort of infamy, the character of state's evidence. As he came forward to testify, we can imagine the mean and treacherous cowardice painted on the countenance of the one, and the haughty scorn that shot from the eyes of the other. Howard's was the only testimony to an overt act of treason, and, as two witnesses were essential, the court resorted to a strange and flagrant perversion of the rules of evidence. At the time of his arrest, certain of his papers, setting forth the doctrines of popular government, had been seized upon. These were now produced, and read as equivalent to a second witness. The minds of all were astounded at such unparalleled effrontery, but murmurs were utterly unavailing. Then came the defense of Sidney, and it fully showed that he had relied upon himself with no undue confidence. No one can read that noble speech, garbled as it is, without sympathizing in the strong emotions which urged him on to the effort. It proved him a perfect master of all the weapons of logic, and of the lighter, but often not less efficient ones of sarcasm and invective. So searching was his investigation of the testimony ; so caustic were his remarks upon the witnesses ; so eloquent and powerful the whole defense, that Jeffries began to fear its effect even upon the venal jury. To a disposition naturally brutal, Jeffries had applied the usual stimulus of intoxication. But drunk as he was, and with all his bad passions raging within him, he never lost his remarkable shrewdness. He knew that all men had their vulnerable points, and he was keen in detecting where those points lay. He now attempted, by interrupting the prisoner with the grossest insults, to arouse his indignation, and thereby entice him away from his argument. His efforts were unsuccessful. Sidney retained his composure admirably. But it was all in vain. The court had hemmed the victim around too securely for escape, and all the struggles of that gallant spirit were ineffectual.

The closing scene of that drama was not unworthy of those which had preceded. As the prisoner was brought in to receive his sentence, he bitterly denounced the injustice with which he had been treated, and scornfully refused to accord it the name of trial. But he spoke to ears deaf to all remonstrance. One of the judges, quite as drunk and almost as brutal as Jeffries, gave him the lie in open court. All

hope of obtaining justice died within him. "I appeal to God and the world," said he. The reply of Jeffries was characteristic—"appeal to whom you will." Then followed the sentence. He was to be drawn in a hurdle to the place of execution; to be hung up by the neck, and then cut down alive; to be mutilated, and see the severed members burned before his face; to be beheaded and quartered, and the parts to be disposed of according to the will of the king. With lips that blanched not, and a voice that never faltered, he uttered this memorable prayer: "Then, O God! O God! I beseech thee to sanctify these sufferings unto me, and impute not my blood to the country, nor to the city through which I am to be drawn; let no inquisition be made for it; but if any, and the shedding of blood that is innocent must be avenged, let the weight of it fall upon those that maliciously persecute me for righteousness' sake." But Jeffries was not yet sated. He hastened to add one more pang to that strong but subdued agony. "I pray God," said the monster, "to work in you a temper fit to go into the other world, for I see you are not fit to live in this." Sidney.—"My lord, feel my pulse and see if I am disordered. I thank God I never was in better temper than I am now."

The sentence was received with a universal murmur of indignation. With one exception such a solemn and deliberate mockery had not been known within the memory of men then living. Russel had been tortured by the anguish of such a trial, but the nation justly deemed one sacrifice amply sufficient for a guilt, that might be still imaginary. They had expected that Sidney would go through the ordinary judicial forms, but they had expected also, that a fine would be the extent of his punishment. The result struck the minds of all with great and undisguised astonishment. Men of every class and of every party, from the high-born to the humble, from the churchman to the dissenter, from the whig to the tory, were loud in their expressions of abhorrence. He himself was not idle the while. There was still remaining one distant hope, worth striving to realize. He had once saved the life of the king, and now he strained every nerve to receive in return "measure for measure." Jeffries now became alarmed. It was ever his delight to shut out his victims from all hope of mercy. "Either Sidney must die or I must die," said he. But his alarm was needless. Charles was inexorable, though he commuted the sentence to simply beheading. Henceforth Sidney was no longer for this world. He bent all his thoughts on preparing to meet his God. Snapping every earthly tie, he directed his eager mind to that final home, where his strange and troubled life was so soon to end in a blessed and eternal repose. Nor was this preparation a painful one. Long before he had cast aside his doubts and fears, as the great hope burst with all the power of conviction upon his soul. Amid all his sorrows, through all his wanderings, that life had never left him, and many a time, when other hopes were dead, this had nerved him on to a renewed energy. Though his creed was somewhat peculiar; though his orthodoxy was somewhat questionable, many a pampered prelate might have envied him its consolations. He received the warrant for his execution with

a perfect unconcern, that amazed the bystanders. Not a muscle of that stern but not unlovely countenance quivered; not a relenting or an unworthy word did he utter, as he read his passport to the scaffold. That form, wasted with care, and bowed with the weight of more than sixty years, was drawn up to its utmost height; that eye was lighted up with the bright and quenchless enthusiasm of youth, as he placed in the hands of his friends his last commissions, and bade them all a final adieu. Even the sheriff wept at the grandeur and solemnity of the scene. With a mien as stately and composed as when he trod the battle-field years before, he mounted the platform and gazed down upon the crowd below. Both his address and his prayer were short, but replete with power and pathos. He thanked his God for the joy he experienced in suffering for "the good old cause," in which he had spent his life; and besought him to avert all tyranny and injustice from the country, for which he was about to die. Then turning to the instruments of death, he laid his head upon the block yet stained by the blood of Russel, with the calmness of one seeking repose, and at one blow of the axe, he entered into his rest.

Hopeless as seemed the condition of England, that last prayer did not long remain unanswered. Charles, stretched on a bed of anguish and remorse, soon followed him to the grave. The Duke of York, who had been the most unrelenting of his persecutors, lived to see himself stripped of a kingdom he did not deserve—self-dishonored by a craven flight—an exile, and dependant upon a court, whose mercenary he had always been. Jeffries, that monster of iniquity, distracted with the most abject terror, and rescued with difficulty from the hands of an infuriated mob, who were howling for vengeance, was thrown into the tower—too good a kennel for such a bloodhound. The state, purged of impurities, which had made it the byword of Europe, acquired more than its former liberties with a great increase of security, and entered once more upon its old course of national prosperity, and national glory. And if aught of blemish dimmed the lustre of Sidney's name, that stain was washed away by the justice of a renovated parliament.

It will not prove misspent time, to occupy a few moments in the contemplation of his character. Nor should we rise from such contemplation disappointed, if we discover errors there as well as virtues. Perfection is not an attribute of humanity, and Sidney had his faults, in common with us all. His patriotism is unquestionable. There never lived a man who loved his country with a more enduring and absorbing passion. Amid all his exertions at home, and all his sufferings abroad, his eye was ever bent in an intense and steady gaze upon that country's welfare. All these exertions, and all these sufferings, he accounted but a meagre sacrifice, compared with the boon for which he prayed. And yet there is fault to find even with his patriotism. It had too much of the Junius-Brutus cast, after whom he copied. It was too uncompromising. This was his crowning error. He wished to realize at once his cherished vision of a republic, and would not think for a moment of a humbler acquisition. He forgot that "a

reed shaken in the wind," by bending to the blast comes off unharmed ; while the knotted oak, obstinate in its strength, and unyielding, is uprooted and destroyed. By a less conspicuous opposition, and without any real sacrifice of principle, he might have relieved his country of a portion of her burden.

There is something exceedingly captivating in self-reliance. It is the grand climax of moral sublimity. Nothing strikes upon the mind with such resistless power ; nothing so proclaims "the divinity that stirs within us." The possessor of this attribute commands a willing and universal homage, such as the proudest monarch cannot extort by the mere exercise of his prerogative. This was preëminently the attribute of Sidney. When his enemies had compassed him about, and all the efforts of his friends were powerless ; when the last glimmer of earthly hope had vanished, and the darkness of death was fast closing around him, we have seen him rely upon himself with a confidence that knew no hesitation. Calmly, and with the dignity of Cesar, he gathered his robe about him, and met his fate with Roman decency and fortitude. But this very virtue was pushed to an extreme. This same self-confidence, exalted as it is in itself, bred a haughty contempt of those whose opinions and pursuits differed from his own. Nor was it confined to opinions merely ; it often extended to their advocates. He looked down upon his brother Henry with the eye of Jove regarding the pranks of Cupid. A sneer was seldom wanting when Henry was the subject of conversation. And yet this brother, though a gallant and a *roué*, was far from contemptible. Had he been what Sidney professed to consider him, he could not have played so conspicuous part in the second revolution. In his letters to his father during his exile, we discover traces of a wayward and scornful impatience pervading the whole, which was by no means a becoming return for advice so kindly given.

But while we acknowledge these defects and others less conspicuous, when we turn aside to the contemplation of his entire character, we forget them all. His virtues place him on an eminence, from which these cannot drag him down. Nay, there is something not unlovely even in his errors. They were the offspring of a high and generous nature, stimulated by enthusiasm. For Sidney, the scholar, the statesman, the patriot, and more than all, the man, we feel a great, but not extravagant veneration. Partisan prejudice has long since ceased to malign him, and literary Ghoules, who prey hyena-like upon the reputation of the dead, have left his memory undisturbed. His name and influence yet live, and will live on till the last generation of earth shall pass away, for never was a title to immortality more proudly won, more richly deserved.

D. H. B.

Lady Alda.

It is related in Bernard's History of Chivalry that, while the Moors held possession of North Spain, a short time before the reign of Alphonso, they made an incursion into the southern part of France, and besieged an important castle. This was, for some time, bravely defended by Roland de Faulconbridge, a Norman knight, but at last he was traitorously inveigled into an ambush, and slain. Abdallah, the general of the Moors, sent his body into the castle, with a message that, if it was not surrendered upon the next day, no quarter should be given to the defenders. The latter, disheartened by the death of their leader, were willing to comply. The body of Sir Roland was taken into the Chapel, and, while the funeral ceremonies were proceeding, they were interrupted by the entrance of Lady Alda, the widow of the dead. She was attired in a suit of armor, and held her husband's bloody sword in her hand. She upbraided the astonished vassals for their cowardice, and called upon them to revenge the death of their Lord. Animated by this address, they flew to arms. In the morning a sally was made, headed by Lady Alda herself. Though the number of the Normans did not exceed three hundred, and the Moorish army amounted to several thousands, the bravery of the former was so astonishing, that the besiegers were repulsed with great loss, and Abdalla slain in single combat with the woman whose husband he had murdered.

The castle bells are telling !
 The culv'ins sternly rolling !
 The white-robed priests are singing,
 The solemn dirge is ringing !

The cathedral walls are crowded with brave lord and lovely dame—
 Sir Roland Faulconbridge lies there, last baron of his name.
 The bravest knight of Normandy, whose minstrels long shall tell
 How, beneath the Paynim treachery, with sword in hand he fell !

As the choristers sang, the sad symphonies rang
 Through chancel and sculptured nave,
 And the good Bishop's prayer rises clear on the air,
 For the dead knight's repose in his grave !
 But now the Bishop's prayer is hushed,
 And the dirge has ceased awhile—
 For a flash of steel and a ringing tread
 Are wavering through the aisle !
 "Who art thou, coming in such guise ?
 And art thou friend or foe ?"
 The visor's raised, and the holy priest
 Reels back, as from a blow !

Well may the Bishop start back in dismay,
 For, by the lurid and flickering ray,
 Full in the glare of the deep red flame,
 He beholds lady Alda, the knight's haughty dame !
 Sternly she spoke—"Is it meet to be said
 That the line of the Faulconbridge buried its dead
 With a womanish wail and a priestly prayer,
 While the murderer's taunt was still loud on the air ?

I hold in this hand the good sword that he bore—
 Still undried on its blade is the Moslemah gore !
 And I summon ye all, if there be one true knight
 Dares follow, where woman dares lead on the fight,
 Lay the foot in the stirrup, the lance in the rest !
 The spur in the steed, and the shield on the breast !
 Be unsparing each heart, and be crimsoned each sword,
 In the blood of yon cowardly, infidel horde !"
 She ceased.—From his seat every warrior sprung,
 And every steel glove on a sword-hilt rung !
 And every voice joined in one echoing shout—
 To the battlements all ! Let us arm and out !"

And the culverins pealed till the stout walls reeled
 All in the fair moonlight !
 And the dying shout of the Turk rang out
 Through the long and bloody night !

* * * * *
 It is morn o'er the cottage, and morn o'er the hall,
 But the sun grimly peers from behind a dark pall—
 The sky seems of lead, and the waves of the bay
 Roll darkly and sullen unmingled with spray ;
 Hark ! to that shout from the wall that rang out—
 And hark ! to the ceaseless tread !

To the clash of mail at which cowards turn pale :
 The day will be one of dread !

There yonder lies the Moorish camp—a stern yet gorgeous sight
 The atabals are pealing wide—gold armor glancing bright !
 And many a banner slants aloft, in many a purple fold.
 Beneath them lie ten thousand swords—ten thousand warriors bold,
 The pride of all the Paynim land. There king Abdallah stands
 With thoughts of blood within his heart, and blood upon his hands !
 And he smiles a cruel smile as he looks on that array,
 For he thinks to rend the Christians as the falcon rends the jay !
 But ha ! the gates are opened wide, and forth the Normans pour !
 Three hundred knights are riding out, but Alda rides before.

Her white, rounded arm to the shoulder is bare !
 From beneath the bright helm streams her long glossy hair,
 Her fingers, erst wonted o'er lute string to glide,
 Grasp the hilt of a sabre, once terribly plied—
 Bright red at the point, and dark red at the hilt,
 With the blood that its edge hath but recently spilt !
 Her face was still lovely, but fearfully changed,
 Like those spirits who first through infernal realms ranged !
 With features obscured by hate, stern and fell,

The form seemed of Heaven, but the spirit of Hell !

" Now, for revenge, ye noble knights ! Saint Denis strike for France !
 For God, and king, and vengeance !" —fair levelled every lance,

Each vantayle down ! each pennon up ! across the plain they go,
 Like thundercloud before the gale, upon the recreant foe !
 And now each spear has cloven through a Moorish warrior's breast !
 And now brave hearts and well tried brands remain to do the rest !
 And fiercely rage the Christian swords upon their bloody work !
 And fiercely rings proud Alda's cry—" No mercy to the Turk !
 Think on your lord, Sir Roland, whose blood these caitiffs shed !
 And raise his best befitting tomb—a pile of Moslem dead !"
 Where fiercest raved the wild turmoil—where sabres flashed like flame !
 Like Heaven's avenging spirit, the Lady Alda came !
 No Moor dared stay that haughty form, or meet that flashing eye,
 They dared as soon have battled with an angel from the sky !

But hark ! that shout—" Abdalla !"

The ranks are opened wide,
 As the steed that bears the Paynim
 Sweeps on with rapid stride !

" Yield, Christian ! while thou mayest"—

The fierce Abdalla cries—

" The sword of the believer
 Is the gate of Paradise !"

His hand struck Roland Faulconbridge !

This sabre drank his gore !

And of the knights that fell with him,
 It slew full twenty more !

But Abdalla's javelin shivers
 From Alda's steel-clad breast !

The brand, that once Sir Roland bore,
 Springs quickly from its rest !

Down sweeps the avenging broadsword
 Full on the Paynim's head—

I ween such stroke was never dealt
 On living or on dead !

Through turbaned head, and neck, and breast,
 The tempered steel makes way !

And, prostrate in his own black gore,
 The Paynim traitor lay !

* * * * *

Again it is morning—the earliest beams
 Of the sun are abroad, and a glory streams,
 Wide spreading its crimson and golden light,
 That fearfully tells the wild scenes of the night !
 Ten thousand stiff corpses are loading the ground :
 Death is wherever the eye speeds its round !
 Trampled and torn the once emerald turf,
 And laved in the dash of a crimson surf !
 While shivers of armor flash white in sun,
 And thus the good city was lost and won !

E. F. C.

Good Taste.

OUR estimation of men and things ought never to be formed without an intimate knowledge of the circumstances with which they are connected. If it is, we are in great danger of mistake, such as cannot be fostered without injury, nor amended without mortification. If the acts of a military hero were related to us just as they took place, but with no further account of the emergencies in which he acted, the times, the places, the odds against which he contested, we could frame no opinion of his generalship, and hardly of his personal bravery. Least of all, with any of these circumstances could we decide him a patriot, a tyrant, or only a military enthusiast. In like manner, if we attempt to judge of a man from his political course, his writings, or his speeches, without a knowledge of the country and the condition of the people among whom he figured, we are liable to be misled in every one of our conclusions. And the same is true, though perhaps not quite so obvious, in judging of literary merit without an acquaintance with the subjects treated and the occasion on which they were presented. When these things were unfolded to us, that which we before pronounced eloquence might seem disgusting bombast; pathos, the lack of manly resolution; and erudition, the merest pedantry. Or, if real merit were therein contained, the ill opinions we had formed might undergo as remarkable a change in the contrary direction.

It seems, then, that circumstances form an absolutely essential condition to a correct judgment in these and all such like cases. And so universally is this principle established, that those who make estimate wisely and satisfactorily to themselves, always investigate these circumstances with the utmost care. There is then hardly any thing more important than a wise adaptation of effort, of whatever kind, to the circumstances which call it into exercise. This power, when applied to writing and speaking, perhaps more usually in their higher departments, is called good taste. But good taste has more intimate connection, in the common view, with the fine arts, the elegancies of life, the pleasing and the ornamental. The term may be applied, however, without reasonable objection, to the power in all its varied exertion, and we shall find it far more admirable and useful as we trace it through higher subjects and more important relations. Good taste, like the talents, or perhaps as a talent, must be founded in nature and cultivated by education. And neither can well supply that which the other should have bestowed. But it is not my purpose to talk learnedly about its nature, but rather, in a very practical manner to enumerate some of its advantages, and extol the possessor of so rich a gift.

In order rightly to estimate its value, we will first consider the effects, so disastrous to success, which its absence produces, or, which is the same thing, the ill effects of bad taste in any case whatever.

For true taste does not consist in high ornament or display. It is rather the avoiding of all incongruity or unfitness, of all that is discordant or disagreeable to the observer, and therefore, in its perfection, comprehends the best arrangement of all the materials that are brought into service. Its absence, then, cannot be merely a negative fault, but must include that which is in itself really ill-proportioned and unseemly. Having viewed the subject in this light, we may be better prepared to describe the beauties which its presence adds, although it may be found difficult to sustain these divisions.

It is no rash statement to say that the want of good taste destroys our estimation of the whole object presented to our view. If that want pervade it entirely, we turn from it with disgust. The greatest wealth, the rarest and most valuable possessions, will lose even that intrinsic value which they would possess, were we viewing them as separate from any general design. But place them in absurd or distasteful connection, and the higher their value the more conspicuous appears the disproportion, till we become sickened at heart. But that want may not be so entire. It may extend to but a small portion of the plan, some one division which may without great difficulty be forgotten in the review. Yet it is evident that so far as that part is concerned, all beauty and value is lost. If that be a principal part, the loss will be great; if inferior, it may be very trifling; but, nevertheless, it must fully equal the importance of all that portion to which it extends. And more than this, there are some minds in whose view even this single failure would constitute a blemish that would affect the whole. They could not pass by the faults they discovered, to observe, much less to appreciate, any existing merit in the rest. Nay, the very beauty of all else would render the single fault more painfully conspicuous.

Now it is not necessary to show that such a tendency to discover faults sooner than excellencies, is praiseworthy or indicative of fine intellect. You might call such an one a mere fault-finder. Others might style him the possessor of a refined sensibility. But, suffice it to say, that many such minds exist, and that it is perhaps quite as important to gratify these as others. For besides the loss of their own favor, the opinions they form must have considerable weight in the decisions of others. Now all this unfavorable estimate, this criticism undeserved, if you will call it so, is nevertheless made in perfect honesty and good feeling. But there is a criticism, always to be feared and expected, which arises from party feeling, from malice or rivalry, and which of course will be much more unsparing. It will name its bitter censure nice discrimination, the product of delicate feeling; and the arguments it makes use of will often wholly eradicate the good opinion another may have formed.

In every effort we must regard the object. If it be in writing to influence or gratify, we must make our attempt worthy of some admiration, else we can accomplish neither. That good taste has no definite standard, is not strictly true; though authoritative rules for all cases are not to be found. But every person should have some ideal

standard of his own. And this idea should be accurately defined and well grounded by diligent comparison with the opinions of others and with the observation of mankind. A taste thus established can hardly be erroneous. The attacks of malicious rivals can then be met with an honest vindication of the censured parts, or if actual mistakes have been made, they will more probably be avoided in the future.

It is obvious that I have been speaking of good taste in literary efforts, rather than in other particulars. And I think I am warranted in the assertion, that the rules of good taste are generally far more exact and invariable here than in other things, and if so, in this respect at least, far more easily followed. Yet many deem such considerations trifling; and though they spare not the greatest pains in other things, forget or neglect the requirements of taste. Some, indeed, seem to have no perception of them, and wonder that their labored efforts are despised on grounds in their view so unimportant. Such a mistake, if cherished in the mind, will effectually destroy all one's hopes of favor or influence. It will be of no use that he labor with the utmost industry, that he possess some remarkable gifts and an indomitable will. There is one deficiency the recollection of which will rise like a magic spell, to obscure every excellence. It is as if we gazed upon the form of a gladiator, once more summoned to the fight, after long training had developed his stalwart frame, and many victories had rendered him celebrated. But we discover, almost with the first glance, that some previous contest, probably the last, has deprived him of his right arm. What avails now the strength of his body, the fullness of his brawny chest? We turn away in pain from such a sight. We need not ask, where will his adversary attack him? There, in the weakest part, inevitably. And we, too, who sympathize with him, direct thither our attention, and disappointment and sorrow crowd out all other emotions.

Thus it is with every thing which displays bad taste, though it be but in a single particular. This is first attacked, first thought of, and always deplored, while excellencies are never mentioned apart from it, nor except as increasing its magnitude. Faults must exist, it is true, in every human production. But let them not be faults in the connection and arrangement of things, whose relations are manifest and peculiar: else all is ruined. He who mingles jests with seriousness, or waives a cause of high import for the discussion of trifling considerations, who administers plain advice in the most extravagant display of rhetoric, who makes the jocund laugh echo from the lip of age, and the merry glance belie the mournful accent, but paints absurdities, mere caricatures, which it were well had been intended as such.

But we hasten to consider some of the direct advantages which result from the exercise of good taste. If its absence renders all things unseemly, it is its presence alone which can make them assume their most advantageous bearings. It will add the brightest lustre to that which was beautiful before—nay, without it, as we have already said,

all beauty is wasted ; and, that which possessed in itself but little attraction, may be rendered by it quite pleasing and instructive. It is like consistency in moral action, like symmetry in the faculties of the mind. Where the former exists, the character is truly admirable, and must be useful to the utmost of its strength : where the latter is found, the mind becomes a pleasant subject of contemplation, and must be prepared for the most invincible effort.

It may be considered the province of good taste to select and interweave the ornamental and the attractive, or the striking and sublime, according to the design of the author. But I prefer to view it as employed in excluding all that is inharmonious, and arranging in the best manner that which other powers have produced or collected. Good taste in architecture consists first in unity of design, that every part be suited to all others ; then, that each be suited to its use ; and, finally, that the whole be well adapted to the scenery that surrounds it, the climate, and the state of the country. Good taste in music is first the concord of harmonious sounds ; but how the passages of tenderness may unite or contrast with the passages of passion, of mirth, of sorrow, of strife, must be decided by the spirit, the grand design of the whole. The bridal song, the funeral dirge, the battle hymn, each needs its different note, expression, time. So taste in all things has much to consider beside abstract merit.

Particularly is the fit occasion to be carefully observed. That which is made to please merely, must be presented to the mind at leisure, and when it may be unrivaled by other objects of attraction. The value of joys which every day affords is too lightly esteemed. The pressure of losses and disappointments often makes men despise for a time the solaces which still remain. These must not be obtrusively urged upon them. They will curse them in their hearts, and him who presents them. So that which is to dissuade or arouse must not only be suited to the disposition of the man and his views of the subject, but to the particular occasion on which it is offered. Such circumstances are so important in their influence as to be sometimes considered the very cause and producer of excellence. We exclaim, with the poet,—

“ How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection.”

If we care to examine, we shall find that those who are most successful in their efforts, diligently cultivate good taste in those particulars by others deemed trifling. Their songs have soul as well as sound ; their wit is always most agreeable, their advice most weighty. Good taste affords the highest gratification alike to the observer and to him who has exercised it. The former, as we have seen, finds unalloyed pleasure in a production displaying no unseemly disproportion, filling its proper place, and touching the chords of his heart just when they are ready to vibrate to the emotions it would arouse. The latter rejoices in the success of his efforts, and the key which discloses the mystery. The man of excessively refined taste will find much that is

painful, undoubtedly, in viewing the productions of others, but he will also find the more exquisite satisfaction in those which he can approve. Such an one, as I have before said, will meet with success in all his undertakings, and find honor among men. He too is fitted to admire the perfections of Nature with the most exalted reverence. And who would not prefer pleasures so refined, though balanced by pain equally acute, to the torpid existence of him who possesses neither?

It is one theory of beauty, not wholly unreasonable, that it consists in exact and suitable proportions. It is, perhaps, more a practical notion of the present day, that that is most admirable which answers best its end. Good taste combines the two, making all things proportional and symmetrical in all their parts, and then adapting them to their object and the appropriate occasion. We do not claim for it that it includes all that constitutes beauty or excellence, but that it is essential to both, and the means through which they are best perceived. We find it a quality first agreeable, then useful, then absolutely indispensable.

v.

The Perils of the Sailor's Life.

A SALT-WATER SKETCH.

"The ship is still missing! her mariner's sleep
Far down in the depths of the fathomless deep;
And no tidings shall tell if their death grapple came
By disease, or by famine, by flood, or by flame.
The storm-beaten billows that ceaselessly roll,
Shall hide them forever from mortal control;
And their tale be untold, and their history unread,
Till the dark caves of ocean shall give up their dead."

"SAIL Ho! Close aboard of us!"

"Where away?"

"Right ahead, sir!"

We were on the Banks of Newfoundland, and moving along with a fresh breeze to the eastward. The dense mist, which is continually generated upon these Banks, by the mingling of cold waters brought by northern winds from the polar regions, with the warm waters brought by the Gulf stream from the tropics, rested heavily upon the sea and completely enveloped our brig, concealing her head almost entirely from the helmsman. The tooting of fishermen's horns, coming through the fog from many points of the compass, gave notice of our proximity to the codfishing fleets which flock to these shoals at certain seasons of the year, from every seaport between Cape Cod and Belle Isle. These fishing crafts are generally small schooners, heavily built and noted for their weatherly qualities. They fish at

their anchors, and cover the Banks in such numbers as to lie in the direct path of merchantmen, bound to and from Europe by the "northern passage;" and the only knowledge that the mariner has of their dangerous proximity is by these tooting horns, which, like the cries of children concealed in a forest, are unexplainable by the traveler who has never heard them before.

It was my morning watch on deck; and as the last response to my "where away?" came from the fore-castle, I caught a momentary glimpse of the strange sail lying directly in our course, and, indeed, close aboard of us. I saw in an instant that we must go to leeward, or come in contact; in the latter case we should cut the fellow down, for he was evidently a small craft—a fisherman at his anchors, and all hands aboard fast asleep!

"Hard up with your helm!" I shouted at the top of my voice, determined to startle the whole watch. "Forward there! flatten in the head sheets! and stand by the maintopsail braces!" While, at the same moment, I rushed to the trysail halyards, and down came the trysail with a run.

The manœuvre was successful. The good brig sprung to the call of her helm, and curveted away gracefully to leeward, just clearing the stern of the fisherman, whose watch had been roused rather unceremoniously—as a Cape Horn watch is sometimes, when a set of frozen topsails must be instantly close-reefed!—appearing in *robe-de-chemise*, commonly called "shirt tails," a cold article not found in Webster, although found everywhere else!

Advising the sleepy fisherman to keep his eyes open, and be on the lookout when we should happen that way again, the brig was brought up to the wind, her canvas was filled, and she stood on her former course as though nothing had happened.

There was an old man on board our brig, who had been several voyages with us as sailmaker. Sailors, as you are aware, are always fond of nicknames; and messmates are soon known to each other only as "Tom," "Dick," "Harry," &c. But the white hairs of the old sailmaker, and his unassuming deportment, which his venerable experience by no means warranted, were universally respected by all hands; and no one ever ventured to address him by any more familiar term than Joseph—the only name by which he was known to the crew. Joseph had followed the seas for forty years, and was a thorough sailor. He had cruised in whalers and in men-of-war, and had stood in every grade of the merchant service. His nautical knowledge and experience was consequently very great. I never met with a man whose acquaintance with every variety of meteorological phenomena, as displayed upon the ocean, was so extensive as his. His predictions of the changes of weather were accurate and true. On soundings he could tell the depth of the water by its color, and the estimate of the log-line rarely varied from the estimate made by his eye. Indeed, Joseph was an exceedingly valuable acquisition to any ship's company. But he was unable to do heavy work, for he was old; his timbers were infirm, his plankings were falling off, his spars were weak,

and he was expecting soon to be hauled up forever. So he had a watch below all night, and during the day he busied himself in mending and patching the brig's sails, quietly seated on the leeseide of the quarter-deck, and never leaving his work unless directed. I was very fond of the old man, and was always pleased to see him about in a storm. He was on deck whenever it blew hard, though he was not reckoned with either of the watches. And the first thing he would do on coming up from below was to give his clean ducks the regular hitch of an old salt, and then plant himself with dignity to windward, and gaze steadfastly at the storm, which was playing boisterously with his venerable locks. He would gaze silently until he had read the storm completely, and then he was ready to bear a hand at anything. But he never volunteered his nautical knowledge; he kept it to himself until he was asked for it; and when he gave it, he always maintained that respect and deference which a good seaman habitually observes to his superiors in command, although they may be his inferiors in skill and experience. You may wonder why this old man continued to go to sea. It was because he could rest in content nowhere else; I suppose that he would pine away from mental agony, if compelled to stay ashore twelve months. The sea was his element; the ship was his home. His eventful life had been spent upon the great deep; he hoped there to end it and to be buried beneath its billows.

Joseph was on deck when the brig went to leeward to pass the fishing schooner; for it was his custom to turn out at four bells of the morning watch, and look at the weather, and get ready his day's work. And when the brig was once more making her course, and the helm had been relieved, and the decks were quiet, as I paced the weather-quarter, Joseph passed to leeward to spread out an old royal, for repairs. I respected the old sailor, and was glad to talk with him whenever circumstances permitted, for he possessed a vast fund of adventurous story which he had accumulated during a sea life of forty years, and which he was always willing to communicate at my request.

"Those fellows had a lucky escape, Joseph."

"Yes, sir," said the old man, touching his hat, "and they may thank the sharp eyes of the starboard watch, sir."

"Did you ever run anything down on these Banks?" I asked, hoping to draw him into a narrative.

"Yes, sir. It was some twenty years ago, and I was first officer in the good ship *Chevalier*, Captain Gerry; we were eighteen days from Liverpool bound into Boston, with a heavy cargo of salt and hardware. It was a black night that we came on these Banks, sir, and it began to blow terribly hard from the northeast. The old man was a driver, sir, he always made quick passages, and he was in a hurry to get into Boston, for he had a nice family there. But before the starboard watch went below he had to shorten sail, which he did not like to do, so he only put the ship down to single topsails, sir, when they ought to have been double reefed, and only two of them at that. But the old ship steered wild, for she was deeply loaded, and

she bowled along full a dozen knots, sir, and the wind right over the quarter! Well, I had command of the deck, sir, when the watches were set, and was ordered to keep the ship to her course as long as she would make it good. But she staggered, sir, and I thought you might see her keel, every now and then, if you would just lay out on the jib-boom. I was afraid of these fishermen; I knew that they could neither scud nor ride at anchor in such a gale, and I thought we might cut some of them down while they were lying-to, for they are weatherly boats, you know, sir, and will lay-to like a duck, with only the smallest bit of a mainsail spread. There was some danger of ice, too, sir, as we had seen considerable of it the day before, and the spray that came on board was very cold. I did not like the manner the old man had of driving before such a gale and in such a pokerish spot, sir; but it was my duty to obey orders if I broke owners, and I kept the ship to her course, though I did not like the way she went along, for she complained terribly, and seemed to think she was abused. Well, it might have been about two bells, sir, I was standing aft by the wheel; we had two men steering the old ship, for she acted ugly, and it was all we could do to make her go along steady. I had my eye to windward, sir; the breeze seemed to freshen and the top of a sea would tumble over the quarter occasionally, and I began to think it was time to call the Captain and heave the ship to; when, all of a sudden, the ship lifted herself right up, sir, just like a whale in his last flurry, and made a bound, and a recoil, and a plunge, sir, and the topgallant masts, fore and aft, went off to leeward! I thought all the watch had gone too, sir, for I could see or hear nothing of them on deck, sir, and every thing was in confusion! I jumped to my feet, and heard terrible cries of distress going astern, but the ship seemed to be driving on as before! I shouted to the men on the forecassle, and we hove the ship to instantly, to see what was the matter. Well, sir, we had run right over a smack which was laying to, and we had cut her right in halves, sir! The old man came up, and all the star-board watch, and we hung out lanterns and threw overboard floats, for you know, sir, a boat could not live in such a sea. Well, we laid by till morning, but never a thing did we see of the poor fellows! Their's was a sad fate, sir," added the old sailor, with emotion. "Old Davy took them down to his locker without even calling the watch! I never cross these Banks, sir, without thinking of that smack, and hearing those terrible cries of distress floating off astern!"

"And did you never learn who it was you ran down?"

"No, sir; nobody knows to this day who those poor fellows were that the old Chevalier sent to their long account! She was a fine ship, sir, that old Chevalier, and many a lucky run she made when I was aboard of her. Why, sir, she was crossing these Banks one night in winter, it blew a tremendous gale right in our teeth, with snow and a heavy sea running. Before the watches were set, we hove the ship to under a close-reefed maintoppsail and forespencer, and made every thing snug for the night, and I took charge of the

deck. The old ship, sir, was a fine sea-boat; she rode like a Mother Carey, and wouldn't allow any water to board her. She was as comfortable a craft in a storm, as ever floated. But she is gone now, sir; some giddy young fellow piled up her timbers on the Bahamas, and I thought I had lost a friend, sir, when I heard she was dead. Well, sir, as I was going to tell you, the watch had not more than got below, when the lookout on the fore-castle sang out, *Sail close aboard, on the weather bow!* I instantly put the helm up, sir, and gave orders to let the ship pay off. But the stranger did exactly the same thing, and we came together with an awful crash, just abaft the fore chains. The old ship trembled, sir, you must know, and I thought her last struggle had come. But the fellow soon went adrift from us, leaving his fore-rigging on our decks. The old Chevalier had no notion of giving up the ghost, sir, and she swung back upon a sea and came down again upon the stranger, cutting him right amidships! We could do nothing with the old ship, sir, she seemed to be mad and determined to crush the fellow. It was a small bark and she was sinking; we got our lanterns over the side and helped the crew climb aboard. But there was one poor fellow that we could not get up; he grasped a rope's end hanging over the bows and called to us to haul him up. But before we could get him up, sir, the old ship plunged down again upon the bark, and crushed the poor fellow right between the vessels! It was a horrible thing, sir! We suffered badly in our spars, stove in our bows, and lost our anchors. We sounded the pumps, but the ship was as dry as she was when she slid from the stocks. Well, sir, we lay by till morning, and saw the wreck of the poor bark go down to the bottom! Now, sir, there is few people that think we sailors suffer any such things. The landmen know nothing about the perils of the ocean, sir; I have seen much of them in my life."

The brig had been running on a taut bowline all the morning; but I observed that the wind was now veering around to the South'ard and West'ard, and it was necessary to trim ship; so leaving the old sailmaker to patch up the royal, I attended to the immediate duties of the deck.

The perils of a seaman's life are, as Joseph said, little realized by landmen. In your luxurious and comfortable home, you take up the daily sheet, and read of melancholy disasters at sea; of floating fragments of wrecks; of ships that sailed gallantly from port and have never been heard from; of the sailor washed from the yardarm, or pitched from the giddy masthead to sink, in angry waters, "unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown;" of his death in foreign climes by burning fevers, by the hands of barbarous savages, by hunger, and by cold; of his bones whitening the cannibals' shore, or the dungeons of a foreign prison. But you realize little of the magnitude of these perils and distresses, and consequently give the sailor little of your sympathy. Missionary ships spread their canvas to carry the Glad Tidings to the heathen, and the prayers of all Christians follow after them. But—because of ignorance, perhaps—no prayer goes up for the ad-

venturous crew who peril the same, and greater dangers, that the same great ends may be attained.*

To me there is no class of men more interesting than seamen, and none more worthy of sympathies. The sailor leads a peculiar life; but it is a life of enterprise—an enterprise that stiffens all the ambitious energies of man into a sturdy form. Inuring him to self-denial, to toil, to patient endurance; making him indifferent to danger, and mindful only of duty, it develops manhood to an extent which no other circumstances can. Roving everywhere, brought into contact with all mankind, battling with all the extremes of Nature, dealing with the very symbols of Omnipotence, and ever hanging, as it were by a thread, over Eternity, he necessarily possesses feelings and impulses which no other men have, and becomes, in all that belongs to our common humanity, "the manliest of men." There is nothing tame in such a character. An air of heroism, of noble generosity, gathers about it;—a something attractive, borrowed from the mysterious depths of the ocean—a something which landmen know nothing of.

We had a short run from the Banks up to the Azores. And leaving these beautiful islands—in whose shadows we slumbered, becalmed, for several days—we bore up for Gibraltar with a spanking breeze, that gave a rare opportunity to our bonnie bark to show her fleet qualities.

It was at the close of a lovely day—the second from the islands—while the brig was bowling along gloriously to the Eastward, under every rag of canvas which she could carry, that, as we were seated at the supper table, the officer of the deck announced something adrift off the weather bow. All hands were instantly up and eager to ascertain what it was, that was about to vary the monotony of our voyage. The object was at some distance to windward, and, by the glass, appeared to be a wreck.

"In with your stun' sails!"—"Ease off the weather braces!"—"Luff!"—and the brig, close-hauled on the starboard tack, made rapid approach to the object, which, as it arose and fell in the surging of the sea, proved to be a vessel bottom up! As we ranged alongside, the rays of the setting sun gleamed cheerfully upon her bright coppered bottom, and the idle waves tumbled playfully against her oaken sides; but where were the brave hearts that once peopled her decks! Who survived to tell the mysterious story of the disaster that swept into Eternity an unfortunate crew,

"When the nights were long and the seas ran high,
And the moon hid her face in the depths of the sky;
And the mast was strained, and the canvas rent,
By some demon, on angry message sent!"

* Capt. Wilkes, of the American Navy, says, as the result of his extensive observation, "that if a tenth part of the labor, means and prayers, which are bestowed upon the missions, were given to the seamen themselves, the benefit of the cause of missions would be far greater in every missionary station than it now is."

Ideas and Observations.

I.

I never was satisfied with studying a single feature in the character of great men. I wish to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the great and good of all ages, to regard them as friends, and to derive from their lives lessons of wisdom and profit. It gives me pleasure to be inducted into the mysteries of the inner life of poets and philosophers—to understand how they regarded mooted questions of politics and morals—to know the associates of their leisure hours—to enter into their sympathies and prejudices—to love the objects of their love, and to tremble at whatever inspired them with dread. The knowledge of the private excellencies of those who have won the admiration of mankind, throws the halo of affection around them; and if they had faults, the reflection that such favored beings were not infallible, reconciles me to the foibles of my less gifted friends. Genius in its might is a glorious object of contemplation. I love to look upon the man of ample mental endowments, making life a reality, finding in his daily observations occupation for his mind; and while moderate in prosperity, strong in buffeting the waves of adversity. Such an example gives one satisfaction in attending to the ordinary duties which too often seem mere drudgery. Genius in its weakness impresses a warning upon the ardent expectant of wealth and fame. I never think of Burns or Byron, of Edgar A. Poe, or any favorite of genius, who has destroyed his body, and mind, and soul, by dissipation, without a firmer conviction that the proudest mental endowments are worse than worthless without a heart filled with holy affection, and a life governed by the plain but sterling code of strict moral principle.

It is especially a favorite idea with me, that in order to enter fully into the spirit of a poem, we must know the springs of the author's thought and action. Poetical productions are essentially different from the works of mechanism, or the ordinary fruits of mental labor. A poet's mind is not like a smithy, in which, by dint of blowing and hammering and filing, a finished work can be fashioned. Beneath the labors of the artist, enrobed in the vestment of words, is that which forever connects the poem with the poet. The soul of all poetry leads us back to the hearts and souls of its authors. The printed words are but a part of the productions of any true son of poesy. His life is a component part of his works; introductory and explanatory to the published verses. In this we find a glossary, a commentary, from which we readily grasp his meaning in its depth and extent. For this reason I take especial delight in every thing that serves to elucidate the character and circumstances of my favorite authors.

In the perusal of poems relating to human life particularly, it seems to me eminently desirable to be informed of the disposition and condition of the writers. The "King's Quair" illustrates my meaning.

James the First, of Scotland, nearly cotemporary with Chaucer, composed a poem descriptive of his own imprisonment and release. It is touching in itself; but how infinitely is its tenderness and beauty increased even by the slight knowledge furnished by Washington Irving's sketch of the royal poet! Every incident connected with the king's confinement, the first appearance of Lady Jane Somerset to him, his restoration to his country and his throne partially through her influence, and her devotion to her royal husband when he was beset by assassins, throw a charm of truthfulness and reality about the "Quair" which it does not otherwise possess. Almost all poems appear to me but the figures of a painting; generally the most important and most striking feature. But the back-ground, the accompaniments, are indispensable to a full appreciation of the work. 'This relief to the principal figures, the life of the author affords.

Some productions, indeed, are of such character that we forget the writer while we study them; but even in the case of these, we soon strive to become more intimate with one whose song has delighted us, and has inspired us with higher thoughts and loftier aspirations. Milton's great epic divests us for the time of the idea of an author, as much perhaps as any work can divest us. Wrapt in his sublime imaginings, we become oblivious of every thing but heaven and hell, and the fall of our first parents. Soon, however, the thought of the poet flashes upon the mind. We learn his character; we recognize him as a humble Puritan of the strictest sect, as a patriot of the most devoted class, and as one of the first scholars of any age; we sympathize with him in his blindness. Then, turning from the author, we take up again his grand conceptions, and enter more heartily into his spirit and meaning than ever before.

To me, at least, even Milton, prince of poets as he is, becomes greater by the consideration that he surrendered all the ease and happiness of literature to devote the whole force of his talents and industry to the defense of English liberty. I say nothing here of Milton's four treatises on Divorce. But his political writings add to the glory of even the author of "Paradise Lost." His position among poets is made more enviable, by his devotion to freedom, and by his refusal to receive the bribes of royalty. Among the first of poets, he is not too elevated to derive additional honor from the "Areopagitica," the "Eikonoclastes," "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," and "The Defenses of the English People." His conduct evinces a soul, great for deed, as well as for word; a soul inspired with the sublime poetry of life and liberty. Patriot-poet! eminently distinguished in each noble sphere, John Milton occupies a place in the heart of every friend of liberty who speaks the English language, and lives under English laws, to which it is difficult for any other mortal to attain. I take more intense delight in the poetry of Milton, when I contemplate him also as the ablest defender of the rights of the people against royal prerogatives; so also his poetic fame magnifies his public labors. His sonnet to Cyriac Skinner, on his blindness, keeps continually before me all his noble qualities. While this remains, the world ought never to forget Milton, either as a poet or a patriot:

"Cyriac, this three years' day, these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear,
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them, overplied
 In liberty's defense, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
 Content, though blind, had I no other guide."

II.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven :
 * * * a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing."

ECCLESIASTES iii, 1, 5.

A strange interest appears to hang over all connected with the "art, science, and mystery" of courtship. Even to one, like myself, not inducted into the arcana of the Order of Cupid, observation and the confessions of my friends, furnish a degree of knowledge sufficient to make this stage of human development an occasional subject of reflection. Standing aloof from the Knights of the Blind God, I observe, unprejudiced, the tactics of the Order. I notice how soon two lovers embrace the idea that the world has been condensed into themselves; how soon they conceive that they only—a second Adam and a second Eve—possess the earth as a new Eden; and how completely they forget that any others than themselves have opinions and affections to be regarded. I perceive, too, how oblivious they are of the fact that nine-tenths of those who are older than themselves have had a like experience in the service of the son of Venus, and have only been released from his chains by making a confession of their weakness at Hymen's altar. It is quite remarkable, also, that every person smitten with another's charms, allows only this other individual to have a voice in determining questions of propriety in their intercourse. The disease seems to be characterized by an utter disregard for the rules of etiquette, and for the convenience and pleasure of any third person. Catullus, the best of amatory poets, in an ode which every lover can understand and appreciate, even if he knows nothing of Latin, and which every one who has the least knowledge of Latinity can read, if he knows nothing of love, thus cooes

"AD LESBIAM."

"Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus;
 Rumoresque senum severiorum
 Omnes unius aestimemus assis.
 Soles occidere et redire possunt:
 Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,

Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
 Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
 Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
 Dein usque altera mille deinde centum :
 Dein, cum millia multa fecerimus,
 Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
 Aut ne quis malus invidere possit,
 Cum tantum sciat esse basiorum."

Carmen V.

Perhaps it does not become one who is a bachelor in the present, and who looks forward to years of bachelorship, to find fault with any of those customs which lovers usually follow : the Scriptures, too, declare there is "a time to embrace." Nor ought I, possibly, to question the validity of the rule suggested by the poet, to "care not a farthing for the remarks of too strict old people." My only privilege, I suppose, is to suffer every one to "do as seemeth good in his own eyes," and to continue my study of human nature, as exhibited in the manifestation of affection.

Public assemblies, concerts, and lectures, afford an excellent opportunity for observing the process of courtship. Without any breach of decorum, persons who make themselves conspicuous by their attentions to each other, become the objects of general scrutiny. One can not fail to notice how the sound of external music seems to die away before the higher melody of sympathetic and throbbing hearts ; nor is it less remarkable how the publicity of the place appears to be forgotten in the consciousness of a single presence. Such observations carry with them a strong conviction of the truth of the ancient myth that Love is a blind god, and that he is a god causing blindness. I would not utter a word, even in sport, against the holiness of affection and the propriety of manifesting it, on suitable occasions. But there is also "a time to refrain from embracing."

Here, again, I shall not attempt to reason with such as differ from me. On the contrary, I shall seek grounds of justification for those who choose public halls as the scenes of their courtship. Indeed, it is not difficult to discover advantages in their mode of procedure. Besides affording opportunity to secure testimony in case of a suit for breach of promise, they present to others a means of learning how the "mystery" should be conducted : they act as fuglemen to the Order of Knights of the Blind God. Thus it may be possible for one to become quite an adept, without the usual routine of service. This public method allows, too, of a display of ability in conducting affairs of the heart, and conduces, perhaps, to general expertness in the art. In this age, when every thing is reduced to general principles and brought under general rules, one who delights in the prevalence of exact and comprehensive sciences, may be pardoned for suggesting, in addition, that the practice of public courtship affords a most favorable opportunity for discovering the principles and establishing the rules which shall reduce affairs of the heart to the certainty and definiteness of a fixed science.

E. H. R.

Our School Mistress.

OURS was a quiet country village high up on the mountain range which divides Berkshire county from the Connecticut valley. Its nucleus consisted of a church, a store, and a tavern, around which in various directions were scattered some thirty dwelling houses, tenanted by a sturdy race of home-spun farmers, whose stout barns and ample outhouses attested the thrift of their owners. It could also (as can all other country villages, I believe) vaunt of a "Green," a sign-post, and a blacksmith's shop. Its chief curiosity, and one which was regularly exhibited to all new comers, who were not in too great a hurry, was a precipitous pile of rough and ragged rocks, a short distance in the rear of the church. From its summit was a wide view of the surrounding country, stretching eastward to Mt. Tom and westward to Gray Lock.

At the time of which I speak, the elevated situation of our village rendered all modes of communication with the valley below, difficult and uncertain, and consequently for a large part of the year, our little community was a world by itself. Isolated thus, and restricted as we were in our attention, to the events of our own little sphere, a unity of thought and feeling drew us closely together, and we could boast of a harmony which society on a larger scale rarely attains. But of late years, a change has been wrought in all that region, forbidding as its aspect then was. A railroad now passes within a mile of our church, and a dozen times a day you can hear the heavy pantings of the iron horse as he toils up the long acclivity from the valley below; and his shrill neighing as he thunders off on his way to the westward. The old church, with its steep roof and towering spire, has given way to a more fashionable edifice—the Green has been enclosed with a neat white paling—the tavern has been metamorphosed into a Hotel, and Boston dailies come to us damp from the press. Our farmers, when they meet now, instead of conjecturing the probable market price of potatoes and cheese, talk sagely concerning the prospects of the tariff, and the probable fate of the Wilmot proviso. The ladies meet to criticise Graham's fashion-plate, and to decide the merits of "Bulwer's last."

But to go back. Our school house stood across the green from the church. It had once been painted red, but sun and storm had changed the red to a dusky brown; and wind and weather had made strange havoc with its outer covering. A single glance at the hieroglyphics on the desks and benches within, hieroglyphics stranger than any Champollion ever deciphered, would convince you at once that Yankee sons of Yankee sires had been its occupants. The initials of my own name were there, carved with the first "jackknife" I ever owned. I have dreamed away many a long sunny afternoon in my seat there, watching the shadows of the tall beech trees as they lengthened down the hill side and fell across the brook at its base. In the winter season, the

green used often to be transformed into the camp ground of hostile armies. I have been present there at the storming and capitulation of many snow-walled forts. Many an imaginary Napoleon has there sustained a Waterloo defeat, and seen the star of a fancied destiny go out forever. Would that all wars were as bloodless as those. And yet when I remember the fiery passions which the ardor of conflict used to excite in the breasts of those mimic warriors, I do not wonder that men so often become transformed into demons, and rave and rage so like incarnate fiends on the field of battle.

Our teacher was Lizzie P——, who resided in the family of her uncle, Col. Jones, at the farther extremity of the village. It was but recently that she had come among us, and her appearance excited quite a sensation in our quiet community. There were many in our midst who could remember when her mother had been the belle of the village—the central planet around which revolved a host of rustic admirers; and the presiding divinity of every quilting frolic and sleighing party for miles around. She was a general favorite and everybody rejoiced at what was termed her good fortune, when she married and removed to the city of A——, where her husband had lately been installed as the junior partner in a flourishing mercantile establishment. There Lizzie was born, and passed her early years surrounded by all the appliances of wealth and fashion—loved, petted and courted as the beautiful daughter of the wealthy merchant, and heiress expectant of his fortune. But alas! Lizzie's story was that of many others as lovely and delicate as she. Unfortunate commercial speculations had ruined her father, and his elegant mansion had passed, under the auctioneer's hammer, into other hands. Then came a humbler residence in a more obscure quarter of the city, where her father, worn down by his fruitless efforts to retrieve his fallen fortunes, was assailed by a lingering disease; and after months of suffering, soothed and cheered only by the unwearied attention of his wife and daughter, he sunk into the grave. But Lizzie's trials were not yet ended. Anxiety and constant watching had preyed upon her mother's feeble frame, and in a few weeks she was laid beside her husband in the crowded city of the dead. Poor Lizzie! The last drop of misery was now added, and the brimming cup overflowed. As she turned away from her mother's grave, a sense of her utter loneliness fell with a crushing weight on her heart, already swollen with anguish. Every thing within and around her was as rayless as the grave, and not a single gleam of light illumined her future. She prayed for death with an almost maniac wildness, as a glad relief from the oppressing heaviness of her desolation. But the tempest of her grief soon spent its force, and a sluggish calm succeeded. A violent fever set in, which unseated her reason, and for a time seemed likely to end her earthly trials with her life. But the powers of Nature rallied at length—the fever left her veins—reason resumed its empire, and the glow of returning health soon mantled her cheek. But henceforth Lizzie was a new being. All her former life seemed to her more like a dream than a reality; a dream, nevertheless, which had left a deep and abiding impression on

her mind. But the night shades had passed away, and a glorious morning light was shining around her. The dream of life's brilliant illusions had vanished, and she felt their insufficiency to satisfy the longings of an earnest soul. She had awakened to a new existence, and saw a new destiny stretching on before her. She had caught glimpses of a world beyond the grave, compared with which, earth and its trifles were nothing-worth, and she determined that henceforth she would rate them at their proper value. She would no longer live for herself alone, but in the humble sphere of her future life, she would aim at the attainment of life's great end. Animated by these lofty aspirations, and strong in this new strength, she joyfully accepted the offer which her kind-hearted uncle made her, of a home beneath his roof, and left forever the scene of her past trials and sorrows. She was received with open arms, for the story of her sufferings, which had preceded her, had enlisted in her favor the sympathy of all, and many were the expressions of kindness which greeted her coming.

But Lizzie's independent spirit would not allow her to be a burden anywhere, so long as she had strength to be active. She proposed at once to take the charge of our school, trusting to her own energy to overcome the obstacles, when her want of experience might lay in the way of success. I remember well the day when she commenced her labors. It was a bright May morning; the desks and the benches of the old school house had been carefully scrubbed and scoured, and the floor sprinkled with clean, white sand. Boughs, cut from the maples had been fixed in the empty fire-place, and hung up in the corners of the room. A set of new, white curtains had been suspended at the windows, and a vase of early spring flowers stood on the teacher's table. The children had gathered in groups around the door to await her arrival, and various were the speculations regarding her appearance and probable mode of procedure in the school room. All knew that Lizzie had never attended a "District School," and the natural inference was that she must be very ignorant of a teacher's duties. She greeted us each with a winning smile and a pleasant word, as she entered our circle, and each heart leaped forth in a fervid response. After a short and simple prayer, she described to us, in her own sweet way, the mode of her own early education—told us how little she knew of the usages and customs of our school—that she should depend on our assistance and good behavior to make it pleasant to us as well as herself. She should love us, she said, if we were obedient to her, and kind to one another, but it would grieve her heart to see us willfully doing wrong. Her mild and persuasive manner secured at once our confidence and affection, and she never had occasion to resort to harsher measures to control us. She could at a glance overawe even the mischievous Dick Parker, the pest of the village, the plague of his own home, and the terror of the school girls, whom he took an especial delight in teasing and vexing. Never was teacher so patient and gentle as Lizzie, and never was teacher's patience and gentleness repaid with so fond a love. She interested herself in our childish sports—composed our petty differences, shared our joys, and consoled us in our griefs. There was always a strife among the girls to see

who should gain her first kiss in the morning, and who should have her hand in her walk home at night. She would often accompany us in our noonday rambles in the woods, where, seating us around her on the green mossy bank, she would examine for us the flowers which we brought her—would point out their beauties and describe the uses of their several parts. Sometimes she would give us their barbarous botanical names, and then laugh at our perplexity, when fifteen minutes after we tried to repeat them.

Nor were Lizzie's labors of love confined to her school. She had a heart overflowing with kind and generous sympathies, and wherever in the village there was sickness and sorrow, there was Lizzie to comfort and assist. One glance of her sunny face could smooth the gloomiest brow, and make the cold heart warm again. No one could prepare the nauseous draught more skillfully than Lizzie, and no step around the sick bed was lighter than her's. Old Granny Blake, who lived in a humble cottage just in the outskirts of the village, was an especial object of her tenderness and care. Like Lizzie she had once seen better days—had once been surrounded by children and friends, and looked forward to a quiet old age in the bosom of her family. But her husband had died long years ago, and one by one her children had followed him to the graveyard, and she was left to struggle alone with the infirmities of age. During the warm summer weather, she was able by her own exertions, to drive away want from her dwelling. But with the cold, bleak air of Autumn usually came a painful rheumatic affection, which stiffened her limbs and confined her almost wholly within doors. And then how slowly and wearily wore away the hours to the poor widow, by her lonely hearth! But Lizzie's coming kindled a new light within her humble dwelling. She was not so much alone as formerly, for many of Lizzie's leisure hours were spent at her fire-side, and the widow's heart grew young again beneath the sunshine of her cheerful spirit. On many a winter evening, when the snow lay deep over all the fields, and the wind was howling fiercely across the hills, did Lizzie brave the cold and drifts to see that the widow was warm and comfortable.

And thus blessing and blest Lizzie's days passed quietly away. Her meek, unobtrusive goodness had won its way to every heart and each tongue echoed her praise. For two years, summer and winter, she continued to discharge her duties in the school-room, and next only to their filial love, was the affection with which each pupil regarded her. But during the latter part of the second winter, it was noticed that her health began to fail. She did not complain—she intermitted none of her duties—her eye had lost none of its light, and her smile was as cheerful as ever. But her step was not so elastic as formerly—a languor, a seeming weariness had diffused itself over her frame, and characterized her movements. A dry, hollow cough had made its appearance, and a hectic flush played fitfully over her cheek, which was often succeeded by a death-like paleness. Her uncle, who had learned to regard her with parental fondness, took the alarm and earnestly besought her to discontinue her labors and resort to medical aid. Lizzie laughed at his fears, for she had none of her own, and said that her

coming vacation would recruit her strength and make her well again. But each day the pain in her side was more severe—she grew weaker and more languid, and often was obliged to dismiss us before the customary round of her duties was completed. At length one morning, the hour to open the school arrived and Lizzie was not there. It was the first time she had ever been late, and we felt that something unusual must have occurred to detain her, and when it was known that a severe paroxysm of coughing had been followed by a profuse hemorrhage, and that now Lizzie was lying exhausted on the bed from which it seemed as though she was never to rise again, the younger children wept aloud, and the older ones looked in each other's faces with silent concern. Our books were quietly laid away, the school-room was closed and we turned homewards with heavy hearts. That day we forgot our accustomed sports, and when we met the eager inquiry was, "Will our teacher die?" But towards evening she had revived, and in a few days had so far regained her strength, that she spoke of resuming her duties in the school-room. But this idea her physician and friends peremptorily forbid, and a fresh attack of bleeding convinced her that they were right. It was a sore trial to Lizzie to give up her school, and one which cost her many bitter tears. She acquiesced at length, stipulating only, that she might meet her scholars once again, and speak to them her parting words. Several weeks elapsed before she was pronounced strong enough to endure the fatigue, but one morning when the snow had all gone from the hills, and the meadows were no longer damp with its moisture, word came that Lizzie would meet us at the school-room; and we were soon gathered in our seats with our teacher again in our midst. There was a bright flush on her hollow cheek, and her sunken eye gleamed with an unnatural lustre. But she seemed to us more bright and beautiful than ever, and her tremulous tones fell with an unwonted sweetness from her lips. She called us around her and spoke of the days that were passed; of the happiness, with which our love for her had filled her heart, and the delight she had experienced in seeing our minds unfold under her training. But the time was come when she could be our teacher no longer. Another would soon take her place, and she intreated us to be as kind to one another, and as obedient to her successor as we had been to her. Her life, she said, was fast ebbing away, and in a few weeks at most we should see the grass growing over her grave. But she was willing and glad to go. To her there was nothing terrible in death, however fearful it might appear to our young minds. A home had been prepared for her among the Angels where she was going to dwell forever, and whither she urged us to follow her. She ceased at length, overcome by her feelings, and we sobbed forth our last good-bye, as she gave us her parting kiss. During the few remaining weeks of her life she suffered much, but uncomplainingly, and when death came to her relief, he met with a cordial welcome. In a pleasant nook of our village graveyard they laid her emaciated form, and on the gentle mound that was piled above it, the wild flowers which we planted there, still shed their yearly fragrance, and each child in the village can point you to the grave of Our School Mistress.

E. W. B.

Editor's Table.

I'd write, because I could not help it.—THE CHOICE.

It is only because we can't help it that we sit down to indulge in a short scribble to the dear reader. 'The fact o' the bizness is,' we have got a dreadful cold and it seems to have seated itself right on our bump of benevolence, entirely interrupting the functions of that organ, and stirring up a most villainous misanthropical headache. But we reckon we are not alone in this misfortune, for, if we are not mistaken, 'as mony as nine frae every ten amang ye' are afflicted by the same malady. And it is not surprising when we consider how

'Waster lingerin', chills the lap o' May',

as it were, and how successive snows, thaws, and rains, have made the city one eternal quagmire for two or three weeks past. We have unquestionably had of late a very thorough specimen of the New Haven beauties so lavishly extolled. For our own part, after a residence of about four years here, we are unable to find sufficient ground for the profuse laudations so generally heaped upon the 'City of Elms.' Certainly its beauty cannot consist in its environs. Go a mile from the Green in any direction, and much less in most, and if you don't come plump upon the 'briny deep,' or upon a salt marsh, enriched by fertility stolen from other shores, you will find yourself surrounded by level, Sahara-like plains, so sandy and barren that even the fruitfulest season fails to give them the emerald tint. Nor can it consist in its architecture. There is hardly an elegant building, public or private, in the whole city. They are either great, square, ungainly piles of brick, or very cheap monotonous wooden buildings, with neither taste nor grandeur. Perhaps we ought to except two or three *stuccoed* dwellings in Chapel Street, which are so *very* nice that it really seems a pity that they should stand 'ou' door,' particularly nights and rainy days!

"But, Mr. Editor," says some one, "the Elms! the Elms! you have forgotten the glorious, unparalleled Elms!" We know it is pleasant to walk by the side of a lovely damsel, with unfathomable eyes, on a mild summer night, beneath a canopy of leaves that shake through upon you a quivering network of moonshine, though we question, after all, whether it is not more delightful to have the moon's face and your own shine upon the transparent features of the other unobstructed! We know it is pleasant on a midsummer noon to enjoy the cool protection of these elms, and we know, too, that they, together with the Green, constitute a beautiful scene, occasionally, during a few of the warmer months when showers are frequent; *provided* always, they be not too abundant, for then it is horrid muddy! But how is it in the Winter! Imagine yourself in the midst of a primeval forest, with the winds howling, and the thick boughs intercepting even the slight warmth of a low, southern sun. Doesn't the very idea make you shiver and quake from head to foot? What better is New Haven on a December day? How delightful to have the sun shut off from the cold pavements all day, and to go shivering and chattering along in the dusky shade of these *beautiful* elms! And, even in Summer, except late in the Spring and early in the Fall, when slight showers are common, what convenient roofs do these leaves afford to the unparalleled clouds of dust that rise from the unpaved streets!—presenting to the eye, on a sweltering day, the most excruciating sight imaginable. As to mud, during a great part of eight months, more or less, it varies in depth from six inches to a foot, continuing so late in the Spring, (this season in particular,) that it becomes a 'Slough of Despond' even to the old indurated inhabitants. Oh! it will do to talk and write poetry about these elms and the unequalled beauties of the city, and even to dwell here a month or two just at the proper season, but, for ourselves, we may be allowed to express the hope that, if not inconsistent with our usefulness, our lot for life may be cast in some other portion of this terrestrial sphere.

THE mutations of Fashion seem to indicate the approach of a day, when the two sexes will be no longer distinguished from each other by peculiar modes of dress. A determined effort is making to transfer the gentlemen's standing collar and cravat to the opposite sex, with considerable, though as yet not very general success. The ladies 'Jossy,' 'Visite,' &c. recently so common, are but poor imitations of a sports-

man's monkey-jacket and a gentleman's sack coat. And as for boots, Mrs. Farnham says that the California belles promenade in regular cowhides, whose leggings terminate at the knee-pan! The editress of the '*New England Offering*' complains, in a recent number which lies before us, of the inconvenience of the 'flowing vestments' (quite a general term) of her sex, and goes strongly for (not into, just yet) coat and pants, or, as she more modestly expresses it, 'blouse and pantalettes.' If we may express our opinion upon a subject in which we are of course far less competent than the editress of the above-mentioned excellent Monthly, (so much for a compliment! yet none the less sincere,) we should say that *not only* convenience but *beauty* is to be taken into the account in considering the propriety of any article of dress. If both these coincide in recommending a change of style, there can be no reason why it should not be adopted. But if they conflict, the lesser good must, of course, be sacrificed to the greater. Now as beauty exists in various degrees and forms in different individuals, it is evident that no uniform and universal rules can be established. Hear, for illustration, the Scotchman discourse on flosses. 'What's mair ridiculous,' says he, 'than sax tier o' flosses on the tail o' the gown o' a bit fat dumpy cretur, wi' unco short legs, and stickin' out gey and sair, baith before and behind,' beside a tall, straught, elegant lassie, wha bears along her flosses as gloriously as the rising morning trails her clouds through among the dewes on the mountain-taps.' The 'flosses' evidently set off the 'tall lassie' in admirable fashion, but it is quite as plain that a little less of the material would suit the 'fat cretur' as well. We do not know but the ends *both* of beauty and convenience would be answered, were a portion, greater or less, of the female sex to adopt, according to the editress's wish, 'the school-girl costume,' (a costume rather difficult to describe,) though we are inclined to think that in 'quite a number' of cases it would be better for beauty's sake to sacrifice the additional convenience.

THE INDICATOR, from Amherst, has just been laid on our table, and though we have had no time to peruse it, from a cursory examination we should judge it to be of the usual richness. The editors appear to be in high spirits and good courage, though in pronouncing their farewell they are evidently saddened by many a fond memory and tender regret. Their young child, as was natural, seems to have entwined itself closely about their hearts; and in truth it is entirely worthy of their affectionate regards. We have been highly gratified, brothers of Amherst, to observe your excellent success, and the more so as one of your number is an old and highly prized personal friend. May your beloved Maga. thrive in the future as it has done in the past! . . . THE JEFFERSON MONUMENT MAGAZINE seems to think we have got a beam in our eye. On reviewing our remarks upon the subject of poetry we feel no disposition to dissent from them, though we are not so sure of their *special* application to our brethren of the "University." At all events, we acknowledge that it is very unbecoming and unwise for those who live in glass houses to be throwing stones. . . . "THE CRESCENT; a periodical, published 'now and then,' by the members of the Young Ladies' Collegiate Institute, New Haven, Conn.," has a claim upon our notice. Number "*Then*" we think far superior to number "*Now*," and this is a very auspicious omen. If you continue thus, fair friends, always doing as well as you can *now*, and still better *then*, there is no telling what you may not come to! Many of the articles exhibit much genius, maturity of thought, force and beauty of expression. It warms one's cold heart deliciously to read these bubbings up of the young female mind. The "*Letter to the Editors*" by Hettie Humbug is spunky, spirited, and spicy. We should like an introduction to that correspondent!—what say you, Misses Editors! . . . "*Lyric Poetry, and Horace as a Lyric Poet*," "*Fortune Telling*," "*The Singular Soires*"—articles which have come to us through the Post Office—we do not consider worthy of publication in the YALE LIT. They await the command of their authors. . . . "PARTING," a beautiful little poem, was received too late for insertion in the present number. We shall hand it over to our successors. . . . ALGERNON SIDNEY, the second article of this number, let no one fail to read. We call attention to it lest the familiar and somewhat trite subject should deter you from beginning, (for in this case to begin is to finish,) and we are unwilling that an essay so interesting and able should be lost to any of our readers. . . . Two-thirds of our intended Table is crowded out! We think of issuing an *Extra*, to be *all Table*, wherein every editor shall be allowed to 'free his mind' to his satisfaction! Wouldn't there be a rush for it, though!

Baledictory.

"IF YOU HAVE TEARS, PREPARE TO SHED THEM NOW."

For, the end of our labors is at hand, and the time has come when we must commit this growing child—the object of many hopes and toils and tears (who knows?)—to the care of the "EDITORIAL COMMITTEE," that stand clamoring at our door. And, by all that is merciful, we beseech them to have mercy on our darling :

Take it up tenderly,
Lift it with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

We trust that they will exercise a motherly supervision over its diet, and will not, by any means, allow any quackery compounds, any patent medicines, or any sugar-plums to enter its system. "For further particulars, see *small bills* !"

TO OUR FRIENDS : We beg leave, at parting, to renew the assurances of our most distinguished consideration, and to express the hope that it is convenient for them *now* to settle the small balance standing against them upon our books, in order that we may play the same convenient joke upon our good-natured printer.

TO OUR ENEMIES :—and the man who has no enemies is in a bad way ; "for, is there any one so ignorant as not to know that he who has lost all his enemies will soon lose all his energy !"—we hope that they have enjoyed themselves exceedingly during the past year. We tender them the compliments of the season.

TO ALL OUR READERS : those who have graciously smiled upon our honest endeavors, and those who have, by their own pens, lightened our toils, we say, in sadness, *Farewell* ! We part with you in cordial fellowship, bespeaking your kind-hearted remembrance ; and we hope that,

When the Past, like a receding sail,
Flits into dimness, and the lonely gale
O'er vacant waters reigns,

these fruits of our mutual labors, meeting your eye, will awaken none but pleasant remembrances of "dear departed days."

ELLIS H. ROBERTS, WILLIS S. COLTON, WILLIAM R. BLISS, OSWALD L. WOODFORD, EDWARD W. BENTLEY,	}	<i>Editors for the Class of 1850.</i>
--	---	---



THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

IS CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

It is published monthly, during the collegiate terms. Nine numbers complete an annual Volume.

TERMS.—\$2.00 a volume, payable on the receipt of the first number. Single copies, 25 cents.

Communications or remittances may be addressed to the "EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE," New Haven, Conn.

¶ The FIFTEENTH VOLUME commenced with October, 1849.